

THE
FATAL RETIREMENT. 1740
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre-Royal in DRURY-LANE,
By His M A J E S T Y's Servants.

—*Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.* Hor.

Auth. Brown



THE SECOND EDITION, Corrected.

L O N D O N:

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THE
TATTA RETIREMENT.

T R A C E D.

The Royal in Duty.

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Second Edition.

L O N D O N.

Printed by J. O. G. in G. L. M.

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P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. *WRIGHT*.

OUR Author conscious 'tis a Task design'd
For the blest Genius of a judging Mind,
The tragick Muse in decent Dress to show,
To touch the Passions with pathetic Woe,
Fears he is far unequal to the Task,
And hardly dares for your Indulgence ask;
Young and untry'd in the dramatick Art,
He stands before you with a trembling Heart;
But Hopes no Prejudice shall intervene,
From any Cause that's foreign to the Scene.
All he intends, by rigid Rule confin'd,
Is to excite the Passions of the Mind.
To make Distress in humble Words complain,
And give the Heart, to feel a pleasing Pain.
Sweet is that Grief which feels another's Woe,
Which sheds a tear when Pity bids it flow.
When Virtue in Distress demands a Sigh,
Each silent Drop's a Jewel in the Eye.
Thus, and thus only, wou'd he wish for Praise
He even dares to scorn all vulgar Ways.
Fair Virtue's Friends alone, he aims to move,
And by the noblest Passion, virtuous Love.
Be patient then; and when y'ave heard him try'd,
With Candour and Humanity decide.



Persons Represented.

M E N.

Artamon,
Lanertes,
Ceron,
Pravamor,
Arcano,

Mr. *Mills*.
Mr. *Mikward*.
Mr. *Berry*.
Mr. *Wright*.
Mr. *Ridout*.

W O M E N.

Semandra,
Leonora,
Sabia,

Mrs. *Giffard*.
Mrs. *Mills*.
Mrs. *Butler*.

Attendants.

SCENE, *A Village in Sicily.*

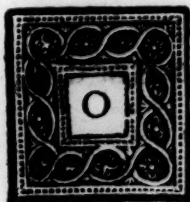




THE
FATAL RETIREMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.
ARTAMON, LANERTES.

LANERTES.



Artamon! If yet you are my Friend,
And hold me to your Heart, why will
you thus
Disturb my Peace? why will you give
me Pain?

ARTAMON.

If yet I am your Friend! By Heaven, *Lanertes*,
Sincere and undisguis'd, I am! my Faith,
My Life, my Fortune ever shall attend you:
But to advise is Friendship's noblest Office.
Will you then think me false, when I perceive
Unruly Passions labour in your Breast,
And swell your Soul beyond the Bound of Reason,
If I wou'd bring it back to calm Reflection;
Wou'd beg you not to give a Loose to Phrensy,
Which may destroy your Peace, and mine for ever?

LANER-

*The Fatal Retirement.**LANERTES.*

I have no Peace, all is already lost.
 Ah! Friend, did you not say that *Leonora*
 Virtuous and fair as Angels are describ'd;
 Light to my Eyes, Warmth to my beating Heart,
 The Life, the Soul, which does support my Being,
 Wou'd fly for ever from the Wretch *Lanertes*?

ARTAMON.

No, no, my Friend mistakes, let not your Rage
 O'ercome Serenity of Mind, but hear me.
 I know her Soul is generous and just:
 With all the Zeal of charitable Love,
 She ever listens to the Tale of Sorrow,
 Is sad at Grief, and pleas'd at other's Joy.
 Then think not that the fever'd Pain, the Anguish,
 And all the soft Distress of Love you feel,
 Is unregarded by the virtuous Maid;
 But rather think your Truth has touch'd her Heart,
 And that she wishes she cou'd make you happy.

LANERTES.

Cou'd make me happy! To me 'tis in her Power
 To give, like Heaven, all that is good and joyful.
 Still, still you rack me with a thousand Pangs;
 You cloud your Meaning with ambiguous Phrase,
 And keep my Soul in Doubt.

ARTAMON.

Come, come, be patient;
 You have my Friend, too quick a Sense of Suffrance.
 If little Causes can excite such Pain;
 How cou'd you bear the Rigour of Distress?

LANER-

The Fatal Retirement.

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LANERTES.

Why, Sir, a Thorn, a little Thorn may pierce
The Lion's Breast, and pain him to the Heart.
Prithee proceed! You say it is her Wish
To make me happy, what shou'd hinder it?

ARTAMON.

Well I will tell you All, though my Heart bleeds
At ev'ry Word I speak, for 'tis in vain
To keep the Story from your eager Ear,
When 'tis already swallow'd by the Crowd,
And flies upon the Wings of ev'ry Wind:
But promise that you'll bear it like a Man,
And shou'd it touch you nearly, as it may,
You'll curb your Passion, and be calm.

LANERTES.

I will.

ARTAMON.

Not many Hours are past, but yester Evening
Just as the Sun was blushing in the West,
The lovely Maid, fair as the Spring itself,
Led by the fragrant Air to walk the Field,
Observ'd a Grove with vivid Green adorn'd;
There did she seek delightful Solitude,
The best Companion of a guiltless Mind,
And being seated on a flow'ry Bank,
Her Head declining on her lilly Hand,
Sweet Contemplation charm'd her for a Time.

LANERTES.

Gracious Heaven! What follow'd?

ARTAMON.

The Fatal Retirement.

ARTAMON.

Urge me no further!

O my dear Friend! w'are now upon a Rock,
May wreck our Peace for ever.

LANERTES.

Let Fortune do her worst; I am prepar'd
To undergo it all. I beg you tell me!

ARTAMON.

Witness my Heart, I wou'd not give you Pain!
But as the fatal Tale must reach your Ear,
And thus you urge me to proceed, I will.
From some dark Covert of the silent Grove
A curst Villain stole, his wicked Heart
Burning with Lust, as if all Hell had lodg'd
Within his Breast, and fir'd his daring Soul.
Shame and Remorse had fled his raging Thoughts,
And left him to Destruction, his sinew'd Hand
A glitt'ring Poniard grasp'd, seeming it self
To know the fatal way to murder Innocence:
This he darted to her trembling Bosom,
And shock'd her Virtue with a foul Demand.

LANERTES.

Perdition blast the Monster! O ye Gods!
Where was your Thunder, that ye did not strike
The heinous Wretch that Instant to the Center?
But tell me, *Artamon*, proceed, he did not,
He durst not execute his damn'd Design!

ARTAMON.

You promis'd to be calm.

LANER-

The Fatal Retirement.

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L A N E R T E S.

Speak, speak, O did she patiently resign?

A R T A M O N.

No, and therefore tho' it grieves me to the Soul,
I must prolong the Anguish which you bear.
The guiltless *Leonora* tortur'd, and confus'd,
Her Cheeks red glowing, and a Flood of Tears
Fast falling down from either crystal Eye,
Oft cry'd aloud for Help, but cry'd in vain.
No Friend attending, save the warbling Bird
Of Night, which kindly tun'd her melancholy Song
With sweetful Moan, in Pity to her Fate.
Yet hoping she might move him by her Prayer,
Ah! do not force me to an Act, she said,
My Death, my greatest Horror, what Joy, what Glory
Gain you to your self, by murd'ring my Peace?
Thus on her trembling Knee, too abject Posture
For a Maid so fair, she pleaded for her Virtue.
Enflam'd the more by her sweet Eloquence,
And all her Beauty heighten'd by Distress,
Which seem'd like Morning Suns rising through
He made no further Pause. [Showers,

L A N E R T E S.

Stop there, I charge you!
Lest with the racking Tale my Brain turn wild,
And I forget Revenge. O tell me, *Artamon*,
Where is the Tyrant Author of this Ruin?
That I may drag him into Light, and send him
To Perdition, black as his Soul.

B

A R T A

ARTAMON.

The Deed was done
 In dark Disguise ; and from her searching Eye
 The Wretch escap'd unknown. The hapless Fair
 Proclaim'd her Story to the list'ning World ;
 From her alone, I gather'd what I've told you ;
 And now she raves distracted and forlorn,
 To some sad Convent she has vow'd to fly,
 Never again to see the Face of Joy,
 But end her Days in penitential Tears,
 And Sorrow for a Guilt that's not her own.

LANERTE S.

Death seize the Villain ! Hell and Despair attend
 Yet let me not thus rage away my Life [him!
 Before I see her ; But ere she flies for ever,
 May my desiring Eyes again behold her,
 Then close themselves in everlasting Sleep !

S C E N E II.

*A Grove.**PRAVAMOR, ARCANO.**PRAVAMOR.*

Now I have brought you to the blissful Place,
 The conscious Scene of all my Glory. 'Twas here,
 This silent Shade was Witness of my Joy :
 I found the charming Virgin blushing like a Bride,
 A sparkling Brightness darted from her Eye,
 And set my Soul on Fire.

ARCANO.

Did she not know you ?

PRAVA-

The Fatal Retirement.

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P R A V A M O R.

No, for I heard it was her Evening Custom,
Just at Decline of Sun, to walk abroad
And take the Pleasure of the fragrant Field;
Watchful of that, and the big glorious Thought
Long rev'ling in my Mind, I so disguis'd my Form,
That even you, my Friend, cou'd not have known me.

A R C A N O.

Did she not shriek to Heav'n, and make Resistance?

P R A V A M O R.

Ay, what a feeble Woman cou'd she did.
I thought indeed that Death itself had ris'd
All her Charms before me: the rosy Bloom
Quite faded on her Cheek, and like a Lilly
Which the amorous Wind too roughly breath'd on,
She droop'd her Head, and fell into my Arms,
With trembling Transport I the Moment snatch'd,
Possess'd her, warm'd her into Life, my Friend.
Fresh Beauty blush'd, and glow'd within her Cheeks,
Her Bosom heav'd, she sigh'd, I bow'd, and left her.

A R C A N O.

'Tis strange you surfeited on Joy so soon.
I've heard, my Friend, that there was once a Time,
When Power had rais'd you to a glorious Height,
Above the stinted Sphere of common Men;
You even doted on this Lady's Charms;
You wou'd have ta'en and bound her to your Heart,
By all the Ties of ceremonial Love.

P R A V A M O R.

I wou'd.

B 2

But

But she like Snow upon the tow'ring *Alps*
 Plac'd nearer to the Bosom of the Sun,
 Than that which whitens all the Vale below,
 Was still more cold and coy to my Embrace.
 But soft! — Here comes the Partner of my Bed,
 Tho' not the Partner of my Joy, *Arcano*.

S C E N E III.

SABIA, PRAVAMOR, ARCANO.

PRAVAMOR.

Good-morrow, *Sabia*! methinks thy early Rising
 Hath added to thy Charms. Thou'rt heavenly fair!
 And smil'st upon the Day as bright and chearful,
 As yon Morning Sun upon these opening Flowers.

SABIA.

What means this strange Extravagance of Joy?
 Is this your thirsting after great Revenge,
 To yield to Dalliance, and forget your Foes?

PRAVAMOR.

Why, what avail Complaint, and boasting Talk?
 The injur'd Mind shou'd tho' impatient wait
 Some golden Moment, which may crown its Hope,
 And give the longing Heart a brave Revenge.

SABIA.

What's this but boasting Talk? Hath not your Rage
 Been dormant, when the Time smil'd on your Wish
 With prosp'rous Views of Greatness? You may
 remember

When old *Ceron*, the Father of that Boy,

The

The upstart *Artamon*, was not retir'd
From shining Courts to this dull Solitude;
But like an Eagle soar'd above your Flight,
And with his Wings beat down your young fledg'd
Hope,

Just ventur'd from its Nest, and rising to the Sun :
At such a Time, what foil'd your Policy ?

The subtle Magick which the Court had taught you,
But you might well have gain'd some glorious Boon,
And push'd your Rival from his pilfer'd Grandeur.

This, Sir, you cannot answer, I urge it home
To your Ambition, indolent and dull.

P R A V A M O R.

Cankers consume your meddling Woman's Tongue !
Is't not enough that once with painful Eyes,
We saw that hated Object rais'd to Power,
Lifted to Glory's Height, and looking down
With abject Scorn, upon us loftier Souls ?

But thus by Repetition of our Wrong,
Your stinging Words must aggravate the Torment.

I know your Sex's Pride can brook but ill
The Loss of Titles, Equipage, and Grandeur ;
And say'st thou I'm to blame, 'tis false by Heaven !
O had his Scheme but hatch'd the big Destruction !

The hated *Ceron*, *Artamon*, *Lanertes*,
And all their Friends, their damn'd dissembling
Friends !

Had fell at once, fell to the lowest Pitch
Of Wretchedness and Horror.

A R C A N O

ARCANO.

In vain
 Are wishes to recall what's gone for ever.
 Boys only whimper after Moments fled,
 The tinsel Toys, the Play-things which they've lost,
 But Souls like ours, who bear the unconquer'd Will,
 The Thirst of brave Revenge, shou'd still look forward
 For some glorious Time, and cheer our Hope
 With new invented Schemes. What might have
 been,
 If this, or that were done, is nothing now;
 But what may be, is worthy of our Thoughts.
 The present Time is only in our Power;
 And shall we lavish that in vain Debate,
 Concerning Things flown from our shallow Reach?
 That argues Weakness in our Minds, my Friend,
 And turns Revenge but into harmless Talk.

PRAYAMOR.

'Tis for the Reason that a Time may come,
 Full-handed with Revenge, w'have left the Court,
 And follow'd *Ceron* to this dull Retirement,
 Where yet he lives by vulgar Tongues applauded,
 Who call his Love of Solitude a Virtue,
 And wonder that he shuns the shining Place,
 Where Fame and Fortune waited on his Beck.
 Unthinking Fools! what Business has the Man
 With all the Favours of a flatt'ring Court,
 Whose unexhausted Store of damning Wealth,
 Can sate the Raving of a Miser's Thirst,

And

The Fatal Retirement.

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And purchase Fortune, with that Idol Fame.

ARCANO.

Nor need we to despair of our Desire,
For at this Instant, my brave Friend and Brother,
I've set at Work an Engine for his Ruin.

PRAVAMOR.

What? How?

ARCANO.

You, Madam, have been Partner of our Wrong,
And boast a noble Spirit of Resentment.
We make you privy to our secret Souls.

SABIA aside.

Good God! they have not half the Cause to study
For Revenge, that I have. Proud *Artamon*!
Curs'd be his Virtue! honourable Notion!
Torture! for me to condescend so low,
To make a Tender of my Love, and then
To meet with a Repulse!

ARCANO, to SABIA.

You do not hear us.

SABIA.

I'm thinking that you doubt me.
What, do I wear a vile betraying Look?
I dare face Danger steady as yourselves,
And tho' a Woman meet my Foe, as resolute.

PRAVAMOR.

Ay, but a Secret in a Woman's Breast
Like Air close pent, will burst from its Confinement,
And fly as eager round the list'ning World.

SABIA.

SABIA.

Indeed! then trust it to yourselves alone;
For I must tell you, Sir, I scorn to know
That Thing, which I'm suspected to betray.

ARCANO.

I doubt you not. You'll hear me, *Pravamor*? —
I walk'd this Morning by the House of *Ceron*,
And found *Semandra*, with that Tool her Husband,
The hated *Artamon*, in deep Discourse.

PRAVAMOR.

About this cruel Deed, I warrant you!
This mighty Violence, which some bold Hero
Committed lately on the Lady's Honour.

SABIA.

Yes truly, that's a likely Tale; her Honour!
Bless us, what Buffle do some Women make,
To be thought virtuous by the prying World?
What tho' their Crimes be black as Hell itself,
If they can hide them from the Face of Day,
Can cheat us but with seeming Purity,
They'll shake their Heads at those, whose luckless
Fate

Hath made their Faults conspicuous to Mankind,
As if vile Darkness sanctify'd some Sins,
And the discov'ring Light made others greater.

ARCANO.

This unknown Ravisher was all the Subject
Of a long Discourse, they talk'd of Heaven,
Of Justice, Thunder, and a thousand Judgments!
At length some more important Business call'd them,
And

The Fatal Retirement.

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And as with sneering Compliments they left me,
This Paper fell from *Artamon*.

P R A V A M O R.

Read it !

A R C A N O.

'Tis whining Stuff, a simple Song of Love,
In Praise of *Leonora* and her Virtues,
Suiting the Humour of his Friend *Lanertes* :
See, Sir, 'tis wrote by *Artamon* himself ;
Here let us leave it ; for 'tis here I've heard
That *Leonora* lost her boasted Honour ;
And hither may resort, ere Noon succeeds
The Morning's rosy Step, some of her Friends,
To search out this retir'd, inhuman Wretch,
Who barbarously forc'd a blushing Maid,
To the Enjoyment of her dearest Wish.
The Stile is wanton in the Lady's Praise ;
When once the Paper shall be found 'twill give
The greater Reason to suspect its Author.
But hark ! — What Noise is that ?

P R A V A M O R.

Some one is coming.

Haste ! Away !

S C E N E IV.

C E R O N, S E M A N D R A.

C E R O N.

It is in vain, *Semandra*, to pursue
The Step of Peace, to search for real Joy,

C

In

The Fatal Retirement.

In such a World as this, where Vice prevails;
 And Virtue is the sport of ev'ry Knave.
 Fond of a quiet Life, from flatt'ring Courts,
 Where dear Tranquility is never known,
 To these fair Shades I joyfully retir'd,
 And pleas'd my self with Hopes to live at Ease;
 My little Family smiling round me,
 And sweet Contentment flowing from each Heart.

S E M A N D R A.

Alas! Our Happiness is fleet and vain,
 Like Evening Clouds ting'd by the Sun with Gold,
 The pleasing Prospect at a Distance charms;
 But when we near approach the shining Scene,
 We find it all a Vapour hov'ring round us.
 I grieve with all the Tenderness of Pity,
 For *Leonora's* Fate, and dread the Ills
 Which will I doubt ensue.

C E R O N.

Come, do not weep!
 But let the Thought that Justice may o'ertake
 The wicked Author of her cruel Wrong,
 Yet mitigate our Grief. ——— *What Paper can this be?*

S E M A N D R A.

If I mistake not, somewhere by this Place,
 The Virtue of your Niece was violated;
 It might be lost, whatever it may be,
 In the Confusion of that impious Act.

C E R O N.

Death! Distraction! The Hand of *Artamon*!
 Why do I live to meet a Shock like his?

S E M A N D R A.

The Fatal Retirement.

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S E M A N D R A.

Support me Heaven! My Lord, my Father,
Say'st thou my *Artamon*? it cannot be!
Eternal Constancy and Truth dwells in him.
He would abhor to do a villainous Deed,
Were it to gain the Empire of the World!

C E R O N.

Indeed I've thought so, but O *Semandra*!
I have a thousand Fears disturb my Mind;
My Brain is fill'd with Jealousy and Doubt:
This Paper! — take it, read it, O ye Gods,
How Apprehension shocks me!

S E M A N D R A.

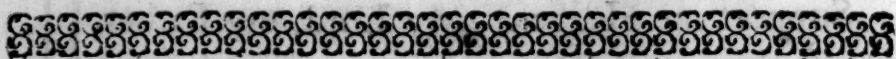
It is his Hand! —
Well, be it so, What then? He praises her!
Yet hold! I will not, cannot think him false:
Some Villain plots to wrong his Innocence.
This Paper may be forg'd. Let's haste away!
And find my injur'd Lord. I will not rest
'Till I have clear'd his Virtue from this Cloud,
And set his Actions free from Fault before you.

C E R O N.

Well, I will go, and Heaven grant we find,
These Fears are only Phantoms of the Mind:
But O I doubt my boding Thoughts are true,
And greater Sorrows will my Doubts pursue.
So when the Stormy Winds, and Showers of Rain
Impetuous rage, and swell the foaming Main,
Imagin'd Ills affright the Pilot's Eyes;
Rocks ev'ry Moment seem on Rocks to rise,
And fill his Soul with Horror and Surprise.

C 2

ACT.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

L A N E R T E S.

'TIS all in vain! — I have no Room for
Peace;

The Stings of Grief, the Agonies of Love
Possess my Heart, and take up ev'ry Thought.

O *Leonora*, thou art all my Joy,

The fondest Hope that e'er my Soul pursu'd;

And must I, must I lose the only Good

Which Fortune cou'd in all her Empire find

To make me blest? But see, she comes, she comes!

[*Entering Leonora.*

Bright as an Angel from the Throne of Heaven,

To shine with Mercy on a Wretch despairing.

S C E N E II.

*L E O N O R A, L A N E R T E S.**L E O N O R A.*

No more, my Lord! Pray do not talk thus to me!
O cou'd you think what Anguish racks my Heart!
You wou'd not, by a Tale of hapless Love,
Thus move my Tears, and add to my Distress.

L A N E R T E S.

Will you not hear me then? Alas? I find
My Talk is tedious Prattle in your Ear,

And

And I offend you, Madam.

LEONORA.

Indeed, you wrong me.

LANERTE S.

Ah! do but pity me.

LEONORA.

I do. I do.

LANERTE S.

Then I am happy, and we shall not part.
O *Leonora*, let my Arms embrace Thee!
Let me thus hold Thee ever to my Heart!
By Heaven Thou'rt dearer to my Eyes than Light!
My Soul! my Comfort! my eternal Joy!
What e'er is pleasant sweet and fair is thine.
How cou'd I live without Thee?

LEONORA.

We might have liv'd,
Had Fortune so ordained, blest in each other;
But there is now a Bar, a fatal Bar,
Between our Loves, and we must part for ever.

LANERTE S.

And can my Life exist when thou art from me!
O, no. As well I might forego the Soul
Which animates this Clay and live without it.
Relentless cruel Maid! Is this thy Love?
Is this thy kind Reward for all my Pain?
Say! Speak to me! Why dost thou use me thus?
Have I not undergone an Age of Sorrow;
Has not my Bosom bled in thy Behalf?
Have I not lov'd thee more than ever Mortal lov'd?

LEO-

*The Fatal Retirement.**LEONORA.*

Yes, I do grant it, I confess it all,
And wish 'twas in my Power to make you happy.

LANERTES.

Yet hear me!

LEONORA.

No. Farewel! I dare not hear you.
May you be happy with some worthy Maid!
Whilst I retire to distant Solitude,
And hide myself from the opprobrious World.

LANERTES.

Where'er you go, tho' to the furthest Part
Of this extended Globe, I'll follow thee.
No Place, my Love, with thee can be forlorn;
For thou art fair as vernal Fields in Bloom,
And sweeter than the Fragrance of the Morning.
Where'er thou art 'tis Paradise to be,
And one eternal Spring smiles all around.

LEONORA.

No. To some Convent, where my weeping Eyes
Shall pour forth all the Anguish of my Heart,
I'll go; there end my tedious Hour of Life,
In solemn Sorrow for my hapless Fate.
Farewel, *Lanertes!* O farewel for ever!

LANERTES.

Yet stay. You shall not go!

LEONORA.

Must we not part?

LANERTES.

No. Never, never! We will live together,

'Till

'Till Time himself shall like a Statue stand,
And with eternal Wonder gaze upon our Loves!

LEONORA.

Alas! your Passion hurries you to Madness.
What Scorn, what base Reproof must I endure,
If still I shou'd remain within this Place,
Which Virtue, Justice, bids me to abhor?
Then indeed they might proclaim me guilty,
Might say my Soul consented to the Crime.
O racking Thought! I shou'd be all the Scoff
Of vulgar Tongues, the Scandal of my Sex.

LANERTES.

O cease to think so! 'tis impossible!
Thou art the Pride, the Glory of Mankind.
I've seen the wond'ring Crowd gaze on thy Charms,
With Adoration gaze; fixt to the Earth
A while they've stood, like marble Statues dumb;
Then, on a sudden, have I heard their Tongues
Proclaim thy Praise, as if their sordid Souls
Were conscious of thy Virtue, and, like mine,
For ever raptur'd with the Theme. But grant
Thy Merit were unheeded by the Vulgar;
Was not thy beauteous Form the People's Idol,
Ev'n then, what meddling Slave dares blast the Fame
That's dearer to *Lanertes* than his Life?
Thou know'st this faithful Arm can do its Office,
Nor shall it rest till I've aveng'd thy Wrongs.

LEONORA.

May all the Pow'rs of Heav'n reward you!

LA-

LANERTES.

Reward me !

It is impossible, if thou'rt unkind.
 I tell thee, that my Misery or Joy
 Is center'd in thy Breast. It is thy Presence
 Which supports my Life, and nourishes my Soul :
 Thou hast the Pow'r to save or ruin both.
 I've made myself a Prisoner to thy Will ;
 Sleeping or waking, thou art next my Heart.
 I dream, I think of nothing else but Thee ;
 And this dull Clay is like a meer Machine,
 Which of itself alone can nothing do,
 But by the Order of some skilful Artist
 It moves, or stops, is regular, or wild,
 He gives it Weight, or makes it light and free,
 Just as his fickle Fancy pleases.

LEONORA.

My Lord ! my Lord ! What wou'd you have
 me do ?

LANERTES.

Stay, and be mine for ever.

LEONORA.

Wou'd you ?

LANERTES.

Yes.

LEONORA.

And can you, will you take me to your Arms
 Defil'd, polluted ?

LANERTES.

Why wilt thou shock me thus,

By

By adding Anguish to thy gentle Soul?
Art thou not still the same? still pure and virtuous,
White and unsully'd, as descending Snow?
It cannot be a Crime to suffer Wrongs
Which the free Soul with Detestation scorns:
Nor can I think thou'rt chang'd from what thou
But still untainted, and as free from Guilt. [waft,
Come, we may yet be happy.

LEONORA.

Never, never.

LANERTES.

Never!

LEONORA.

No. I have vow'd —

LANERTES.

Then I'm a Wretch indeed! And I will vow
Ne'er to know Comfort more. O hear me, Heav'n!
May I not find one Interval of Peace!
But may Distress and Sorrow rack my Heart!
Where'er I go, may sad Oppression follow me,
'Till my impatient Life be worn away!

LEONORA.

Rise, and first stab me to the Heart, *Lanertes!*
If e'er the Villain's Name shall reach your Ear,
You will revenge my Cause, when I am gone.

LANERTES.

Yes, I will fly this Instant to Revenge;
I'll rouse the guilty Monster from his Den;
I'll seize, and drag him to his horrid Fate.
But whom? and where? — Gods! shall the
Villain 'scape? D LEO-

LEONORA.

My Lord!

LANERTES.

Revenge! O stay 'till my Revenge is sure!

My weary Life shall be resign'd in Peace,

And my last Breath shall bless thee, *Leonora.**LEONORA.*

Well, moderate your Passion. I'm sick at Heart,
 And must retire; yet ere I go for ever,
 Once more I'll see you.

LANERTES.

May all good Angels guard thee!

S C E N E III.

LANERTES.

Why was I made, ye Pow'rs, your Creature Man?
 That boasting Lord of all your vast Creation.
 Why did ye give me Strength for glorious Deeds?
 Yet breathe into my Form a feeble Soul,
 Which has not Courage to resist a Glance
 Of Beauty's conqu'ring Eye, but strait grows fond,
 And pines away with the Excess of Love.
 By Heav'n! my Life is wrapt in *Leonora's*:
 There's not a Time I gaze upon her Charms,
 But my Heart beats with new and strange Desire.
 I cou'd for ever listen to her Tongue,
 Ev'n when she tells the dreadful Tale of Parting,
 Her Words mix such a Pleasure with the Pain,
 That I am all Attention to the Talk,

Which

Which gives me Death to hear. O she hath Power
To wind me to her very Purpose!
She can unman my firmest Resolution!

S C E N E IV.

LANERTES, PRAVAMOR.

PRAVAMOR.

My Lord!

LANERTES.

Who is there?

PRAVAMOR.

I fought you, Sir.

LANERTES.

Well!

PRAVAMOR.

You look upon me with unfriendly Eyes.
I have not wrong'd, but ever wish'd to serve you.

LANERTES.

Did I accuse you?

PRAVAMOR.

No. But——

LANERTES.

Speak your Purpose!

PRAVAMOR.

You think I'm not your Friend.

LANERTES.

No more of that;

Friendship is grown the Bus'ness of the World,

And Hónefty the Merchandife of Man.
 Give me your Hand, ——— Were I to chufe a
 Friend,
 I firft would think on you.

P R A V A M O R.

Then I may fpeak.

L A N E R T E S.

Freely.

P R A V A M O R.

It is obferv'd,
 You feem to fcorn the Gaieties of Life,
 And fhun Society, its sweeteft Joy ;
 To difmal Shades you filently retire,
 There figh alone, and cherifh pining Care.
 I wifh 'twere in my Pow'r to give you Peace,
 Believe me, I'm concern'd at your Diffrefs,
 And bleed for *Leonora's* cruel Fate.

L A N E R T E S.

How ! fayft thou ! *Leonora* !

P R A V A M O R.

Yes, my good Lord,
 I know too well the Tale of her Affliction,
 The Story of your Loves has pierc'd my Heart.
 Like pliant Wax, my Nature's apt to yield
 To the Impreffion of another's Grief.
 Thank Heav'n, I have the Virtue to be mov'd
 At a fad Scene of Sorrow ! And I can weep,
 Stern as I am, when Pity calls for Tears.

L A N E R T E S.

I thank you, Sir, for your officious Friendfhip.

You

You fought me then, it seems; but to inform me
That I'm an Object worthy of Compassion.

P R A V A M O R.

No, 'tis the Purpose of your faithful Friend,
Haply to ease the Anguish of your Heart,
And plead as if my Welfare lay at Stake,
That you wou'd shun an Ill which lurks behind,
By far more great than any you have known.

L A N E R T E S.

I understand you not, if you're that Friend
As so much you have labour'd to be thought,
Why do you wrap your Meaning thus in Clouds?
An honest Man will speak his Mind at once,
Is fair and open as the Front of Light.

P R A V A M O R.

Then search no further for the guilty Wretch,
Who dar'd to murder *Leonora's* Peace.

L A N E R T E S.

Ha! You have wak'd me from my slothful Trance,
And rous'd me into Madness. Search no further!
Perdition catch you for your dull Advice!
Your busy dark design. Come, come your Thoughts!
I'll have them from your Heart, tho' deep as Hell.
Why do you give such Counsel? Is it your self
Whose coward Soul is conscious of the Guilt?
That you wou'd sooth me into vile Oblivion,
And cast a Mist before the Eye of Justice.

P R A V A M O R.

If there be Truth in Earth, or Heaven, you wrong
me!
But

But I forgive ; it is the Effect of Passion.
If you were calm, you wou'd not use me thus.

LANERTES.

I charge you then, by the eternal Vengeance !
If aught you know of him whose raging Soul
Cou'd prompt him to a Deed, so monstrous vile !
Say quickly ! Speak this Moment !

PRAVAMOR.

I cannot.

LANERTES.

Why?

PRAVAMOR.

Tho' he was guilty of so base a Wrong,
Yet, I confess he is the Man I love.
I beg you wou'd excuse me.

LANERTES.

Racks and Tortures !

PRAVAMOR.

Well, I will tell you, but —

LANERTES.

Speak !

PRAVAMOR.

Artamon.

LANERTES.

Villain ! 'tis false.

[*Strikes him.*]

PRAVAMOR.

Ha !

LANERTES.

Yes, base dissembling Slave.

A villainous Falshood ! — let me shun your Sight !

The

The Fatal Retirement.

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The very Air you breathe in is contagious.

S C E N E V.

P R A V A M O R.

Go, and may eternal Plagues attend you!
'SDeath! A vile Blow. 'Tis Hell, 'tis Cowardice,
To think my easy Nature cou'd endure it!
But no Matter. By Heaven I'll sleep no more!
Not give my Soul one Interval of Rest,
'Till I've repaid him this damn'd Insolence.
Yes, like a poison'd Arrow will I fly,
Tho' swift yet sure to give tormenting Death.

S C E N E VI.

A R T A M O N, A R C A N O.

A R C A N O.

I have no Interest to deceive you, Sir.
I but this Minute parted from your Father,
And he accus'd you of the Crime.

A R T A M O N.

No more!
You purpose basely to corrupt my Blood,
You wou'd incense my Heart against my Nature,
By raising mortal Enmity and Strife,
Between a Father and his only Son.

A R C A N O.

I scorn a thing so vile, so void of Honour.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

*ARTAMON, ARCANO, SABIA.**SABIA.*

Why in Debate at such a Time as this,
 When Fame and even Life itself's at Stake?
 Have you, my Lord, or Thought or Spirit in you?
 That thus you stand in Parley with your Ruin.

ARTAMON.

Patience Heaven! Do I deserve this Treatment?
 Leave me this Instant! or you'll urge my Rage.

[*To Arcano.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*SABIA, ARTAMON.**SABIA.*

Indeed the World is busy with your Fame,
 It even dares proclaim you for a Villain.

ARTAMON.

A Villain!

*SABIA.*Your Wife, *Semandra* says it.*ARTAMON.*

'Tis well the Weakness of your Sex protects
 you!

[*Going.*]*SABIA.*

Turn, and look on me, am I so hateful,

To

To be scorn'd thus? Tell me, am I deform'd?
Ugly and wrinkled like a midnight Hag.
Speak, why do you shun me?

A R T A M O N.

I pray stand off!
O Shame! Have you no Blush of Modesty?
No Spark of Honour? Home, home to your Husband!

Where is your Virtue?

S A B I A.

Virtue! here at my Heart;
An open Plainness, down-right Honesty.
I cannot flatter those whom I despise,
Or seem indifferent to the Man I love.
'Tis not with me as with my artful Sex,
Who hide their nat'ral Wishes and Aversions;
I scorn that cheating Fashion. No, my Soul
Shall never screen with Lies its Inclination,
But maugre Custom dare confess the Truth:
This I call Virtue, I don't define it
Like a pining Girl, who thinks it means
To curb Desire, and not refrain from Love.
Virtue!

A R T A M O N.

Ay, practise it first, and then you may define it.

S A B I A.

Dull sophistick Talker! are you of those
Who proudly boast themselves the Lords of Nature?
Who claim its Privileges unrestrain'd,

E

Look

Look on the happy Commoners of Air,
And let them teach you Wisdom!

A R T A M O N.

Abandon'd Shame!

I'm sick of hearing you. Where is *Semandra*?

S A B I A.

She has wrong'd you.

A R T A M O N.

'Tis false. Farewel!

S C E N E IX.

S A B I A.

Confusion!

May ev'ry Ill combine to make me wretched!
Let Care and pining Anguish rack my Brain,
Despair and Shame still prey upon my Heart,
'Till I have lost the Sense of my Condition,
And sink for ever to my native Dust!
Death! Can I endure to be thus treated?
Scorn'd by this dull, this conscientious Fool,
Who suffers Custom to delude his Reason?
No. By this Hell of Pain which burns within me,
I'll fate my Rage with most unerring Vengeance,
And pour the Fury of a Woman scorn'd,
Like mighty Storms, on this disdainful Man!
So fares it with the wretch who dares to move
The dreadful wrath of all-tremendous *Jove*,
Loud Thunder rolls o'er his devoted Head,
And Lightnings flash him in a Moment dead.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

PRAVAMOR, ARCANO.

[*They meet and embrace.*]

PRAVAMOR.

THUS, thus for ever may we meet, my Friend!
And glad each other with a warm Embrace.
My Heart o'erflows with Transport when I see thee,
For when thou'rt absent half my Soul is fled.
Let Pedants train'd in superstitious Schools,
Who clog their Brains with Virtue's airy Notions,
Let them still boast their poor unmeaning Friendship,
Whilst we communicate our nobler Thoughts,
Laugh at the senseless World, and greatly talk
Of dear Ambition, and aspiring Hope.

ARCANO.

O sweet Revenge!

PRAVAMOR.

The Attribute of Gods!

O my *Arcano*! We have laid a Scheme
Shall satisfy our utmost Thirst of Rage,
And crown our Wishes with abundant Joy.
Had you possess'd the Happiness with me,
But just this Moment to have seen that Man,

E 2

Whom

Whom most of all we hate, the wretched *Ceron*,
 With Eyes distorted overflowing Tears,
 And deep Distress high swelling at his Heart,
 What mighty Rapture wou'd have fill'd your Soul!
 You must have wept with Extasie of Joy,
 As he did then in Bitterness of Grief.

S C E N E II.

*CERON, SEMANDRA, PRAVAMOR,
 ARCANO,*

CERON.

Oh *Semandra*!

Cou'd I have thought that thy fair Innocence,
 Thy virtuous Love wou'd e'er have been abus'd?
 Thus wrong'd by him who was my dear Delight,
 The sole Support of my decaying Age!

ARCANO.

Forgive me, Sir, if I intrude abruptly.
 It melts my Heart to see you thus in Pain:
 Pray, my good Lord, compose your anxious Mind,
 And seek to be at Peace.

CERON.

Why, what art thou
 Who talk'st of things not in the Power of Nature?
 Ah! whither shou'd I fly in Search for Peace,
 When weary of my Life? the World to me
 Is like a Death-bed to a fever'd Man;

Where'er

Where e'er I turn, I am uneasy still,
And want to be remov'd.

P R A V A M O R.

But even now
I met th' unhappy Man whose Fate has thus
Involv'd his Family, his Friends, himself, [me
And wou'd have shar'd his Grief; but when he saw
In strange Surprise he started from the Place,
As if 'twas his Desire to weep in Silence,
And hide his Conflict from the prying World.

C E R O N.

O Torture! 'tis th' Effect of sullen Fear.
Guilt and Remorse have deeply stung his Heart,
In shameful Solitude he hides his Head,
And shuns the open Day. Let me entreat you,
If you know where to find this wretched Mourner,
Tell him, his aged Father, who with Care,
And all the Fondness of paternal Love,
Hath from his Cradle nurs'd him up in Life,
Is now become a Suppliant to his Son,
And begs to see him ere his weeping Eyes
Shall close in Death, never to see him more.

P R A V A M O R.

I'll serve you with my Life.

S C E N E III.

C E R O N, S E M A N D R A.

S E M A N D R A.

This is too much,

Too

Too great Distress for Nature to endure.
 Hear me ; if Sir, you have not cast me off,
 Nor shut your Ear against your Daughter's Pray'r,
 Shock not your self with these tormenting Fears.
 O do not pierce *Semandra's* Heart in your's !
 I like not *Pravamor*, that soothing Parasite,
 He fawns on you, and speaks unjustly of my Lord.

C E R O N.

Why, why, *Semandra* ? Is there Cause for this ?

S E M A N D R A.

You may remember, when at Court, my Lord,
 He and his Friend possess'd some Share of Power,
 Like Summer Insects flutter'd for a while,
 And spread their gilded Wings before the Sun ;
 They buzz'd about one little gaudy Hour,
 Then fell ignobly to that abject State ;
 From whence at first their puny Honours rose.

C E R O N.

Well ?

S E M A N D R A.

Upon the Ruins of their fallen Power
 You built a Monument of glorious Fame ;
 And can you think they envy not your Glory,
 And hate the Light that usher'd in their Fall ?

C E R O N.

No. 'Twas a Greatness not to be desir'd ;
 A Life of painful Thought, and anxious Care,
 For ever toiling to a thankless End,
 To serve a jealous and inconstant People,
 Who scarcely can distinguish Vice from Virtue :

This

This Day they love what they abhor another,
Reproach and praise, and still they know not why.
Who then would stand upon a tott'ring Height,
Built on the feeble and unsettled Ground
Of vulgar Minds, more fickle than blind Chance?
True, we are followed, courted and carefs'd,
But to what End? to satisfy the Want
Of ev'ry Fool, who lays a Claim to Merit:
Such are your daily Visitors at Home;
While base Detraction roars abroad against you,
Strikes at your Life, and tears your Fame to pieces.
But here comes *Artamon*, I'll charge him home.
Semandra, leave me! I'll talk with him alone.

SCENE IV.

ARTAMON, CERON.

CERON.

Artamon!

ARTAMON.

My Lord?

CERON.

Come nearer to me!

ARTAMON.

I saw *Semandra* here, why is she gone?

CERON.

Ah! there thy Conscience stabs thee to thy
Heart,

For thou hast wrong'd her basely.

ARTAMON.

Wrong'd her! How?

'Tis

'Tis plain she loves me not. Does she accuse me?

C E R O N.

Ay, do not shift the Accusation from thee!
For I know thou'rt guilty. Come, sit thee down,
And hear me patiently! Thou shalt not move
One Step, 'till I have shewn thee to thy self;
Have plac'd before thee such a faithful Glass,
As in its proper Light shall turn thy Heart,
With all thy guilty Secrets from thy Bosom,
That to thy Face it may confront thee fairly.

A R T A M O N.

Patience! — My Lord!

C E R O N.

Not a Word! But hear me!
I see thou'rt ready to forestall my Charge,
For base Evasion lurks within thine Eye:
Yet all thy false, thy gilded Arguments,
Tho' they too oft were wont to catch my Soul,
To melt my Heart, and please my Appetite,
Like sweet Drops of Honey, shall not avail.
First, let me speak! and if there still is in thee
One Glimpse of Honour, or Virtue but enough
To scorn a Lie, be just, and answer me.

A R T A M O N.

I will, and as the Truth or Falsity
Of my Reply appears, may Heav'n reward me!

C E R O N.

O *Artamon*! Thou know'st too well the way
To win my easy Nature: thou see'st my Error,
See'st that thy Father loves thee to a Failing.

But

But I must own, 'till now I never thought
My dear Indulgence wou'd have been repaid
With base Ingratitude. I thought thee faithful,
Brave, virtuous, honourable, what did I not think?
Thou wert the Center of my Happiness!
——I lately thought that I shou'd die in Peace.

ARTAMON.

Pray do not rack my Soul thus! but proceed.
Tell me, what have I done?

CERON.

What hast thou done!
How resolute and innocent he seems!
'Tis strange! Has Guilt the Power to look so fair,
To dress itself in such a modest Garb,
And cloke its Baseness with Divinity?
Yes, 'tis that monstrous Thing Hypocrisy,
Which does so oft deceive the erring Eye,
Makes Vice as sweet as Virtue in Appearance,
And the lewd Painting of a Harlot's Cheek,
Like the pure Blushes of a spotless Maid.
Thy steady Countenance affrights my Sense,
I'm sure thou'rt guilty, yet thy Looks dare call me
Liar.

ARTAMON.

Gracious Heaven! Why am I singled out
To suffer such Reproach thus innocent?
Witness my Heart I cou'd have borne Disease,
Or smarting Poverty! Nay had Fortune
Left me in this unhospitable World

F

A

A hated Vagrant, had I been deny'd
 The Sight of Day, and Commerce of Mankind,
 I cou'd have wander'd up and down content,
 A lonesome Wretch, abandon'd to my Care,
 'Till in some Solitude I'ad laid me down,
 There to have dy'd unpity'd and forgotten.
 But this is Calumny too much to bear,
 Am I a Villain? Rebel to Nature!
 That you upraid me in such cruel Terms:
 Then, I have liv'd too long, my Spirits faint,
 And I am crush'd beneath Affliction's Weight.

C E R O N.

Away this jealous, this distrustful Fear,
 Which stabs me, racks me, in the tend'rest Part!
 I'll think no more on't. O my *Artamon*!
 By Heaven I'ad rather die than find you false!
 False! 'tis impossible! Thou art the best
 Of all Mankind, thy Father's only Blessing.
 Come, come to my Arms! Let me embrace thee!
 I wou'd not bear one Moment's longer Doubt,
 To gain the Empire of the World. Thou art
 Still virtuous, and my Fears are fled. — Ha!
 Yet I am Mad! Something inflames my Heart,
 And tells me thou art guilty. —
 Can there be greater Torture than this Doubt?
 Thus to mistrust, and yet to dote as I do.

A R T A M O N.

What do you doubt? Speak Sir, I beg you speak

C E R O N.

That thou hast done a Deed, shall blot thy Name
 With

The Fatal Retirement.

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With Infamy for ever — Poor *Leonora*!

ARTAMON.

My Lord! No more, I guess your Charge, and start
At the bare Thought of so abhor'd a Villany.

CERON.

You wou'd not sure be noted by the World,
To the last Moment of recording Time,
For such a monstrous Guilt. O what is Life,
But to enjoy the Peace which Virtue gives,
And the fair Fame of the reporting World?

ARTAMON.

You shall be satisfy'd that I am guiltless,
For your own sake, and not for Fame's vain Glory;
The World's Report of ev'n the worthiest Men,
Is but a short-liv'd Breath, 'tis like the Sound
That swiftly issues from a Cannon's Mouth,
Not heard until the Flash of Life is over,
And then just borne about the little Round
Of circling Air, and dies for ever.

CERON.

But Villany! —

ARTAMON.

I beg, no more. I will close these Eyes,
Nor shall my Heart know Peace, until you find
That I am clear of this detested Stain.

CERON.

You will?

ARTAMON.

I will.

F 2

CERON.

The Fatal Retirement.

C E R O N.

Eternal Blessings wait you!

S C E N E V.

A R T A M O N.

Semandra! O bear my Heart this hard Encounter!
 I'll try her Love, and know if I have Power
 To give her Pain, altho' I rack myself.

S C E N E VI.

S E M A N D R A, A R T A M O N.

S E M A N D R A.

Where is he? Where is my Lord, my Refuge?
 Quick let me fly into his dear lov'd Arms,
 And tell him all my Care! Happy I am
 Thus blest with thee, but when thou'rt absent from
 me,

Desolate indeed!——Wilt thou not hear me?

O look upon me with a tender Smile!

Or my unquiet Heart will break with Grief.

A R T A M O N.

Away! Away! unkind, ungrateful Fair One!
 Thou hast undone my Peace,

S E M A N D R A.

My Lord! What means this Accusation?
 Thou can't not surely think it. O turn thee!
 Speak to me! How have I deserv'd this from thee?
 Have I not since my Eyes beheld thee first,

With

With Joy obey'd thee as thy faithful Wife?
Has e'er my Heart known Comfort or Repose
Without thee? Have not mine Arms been open
To receive thee ever, with more Transport
Than tender Mothers do their only Babes?
Thus, and more, if possible, I've lov'd thee;
And do not now forsake me, *Artamon*!
Where shall I then find charitable Succour?
To whom can sad *Semandra* fly for Aid?
To whom, but You the Lord of all her Wishes?

ARTAMON.

Bewitching *Syren*! It is Death to hear thee:
I know such Musick warbles from thy Tongue;
So fair thou look'st, and talk'st with so much
Sweetness,——

That Falshood varnish'd with thy Eloquence,
Appears with all the Sanctity of Truth,

SEMANDRA.

Tell me, my Lord, but how I have offended?
And as my Accusation comes from thee,
I'll be content, and seal my Lips for ever.

ARTAMON.

It is manifest thou hast done me Wrong.
But for what End, Heaven knows. O *Semandra*!
Is thus my Faith repaid? Is it for this,
I sought thee from the rest of all thy Sex,
To be the Partner of my Life my Soul?
For this have guarded thee with tend'rest Care,
Lov'd thee most true, and press'd thee to my Heart?
——Farewell!

SEMANDRA.

The Fatal Retirement.

S E M A N D R A.

You shall not leave me! By my Love, you
shall not!

By all the past Endearments of our Lives!
By all the Blessings w've enjoy'd together!
Remember, *Artamon*, there was a Time,
I pleaded not unheard, or wept unpity'd,
When ev'ry Accent from my Tongue was caught
With Joy, and all the Treasure of your Heart
Was wrapt in mine. O think on the Delights,
Think on the Sweets of Love we once have tasted,
And look with Tenderness upon me!

A R T A M O N.

No; All is past, and I wou'd fain forget them.
Pray let me go!

S E M A N D R A.

Stay, stay, for Mercy's Sake!
If ever I was dear; sure once I was,
Tho' now hard Change! neglected and despis'd.

[He breaks from her.]

S C E N E VII.

S E M A N D R A.

Is he then fled unmindful of my Tears?
O ye just Gods assist me to retrieve
This cruel, this unkind yet dear lov'd Man!
If he relents not, I am lost for ever.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

PRAVAMOR, ARCANO.

PRAVAMOR.

Ha! ha! ha!

[*Shewing a Vizard.*

Here is my Safety! 'Twas my best Defence,
When I besieg'd the Fair: *Mars* cannot boast,
Nor all his Sons of War, a nobler Shield;
This kept me private from her piercing Eye,
And sav'd my Modesty a thousand Blushes:
Let it be laid in *Artamon's* Apartment!
I know you never are deny'd Admittance;
For 'tis the Curse of your believing Fools,
To think all Men as honest as themselves.

ARCANO.

It shall; but is't not better to desist?
Trust me, my Friend, 'twill gain us no Advantage.

PRAVAMOR.

Advantage! By my Soul, a full Reward;
It makes us Gods; gains us a brave Revenge!
My Friend! my Friend! indeed you are too fearful,
Not form'd to execute a brave Design;
You move so slowly, that the Brand prepar'd
Red hot for Vengeance, cools before you strike.

ARCANO.

Well, well, Sir, you are ever quick to Action;
But had you been deliberate and slow,
That Power, the Loss of which now stings your
Heart, Had

Had still been yours.

P R A V A M O R.

I do confess, indeed,
That when I met the Tide of Greatness first,
I boldly leap'd into the Flood at once
And buffeted the Torrent which oppos'd me,
With hardy Sinews, and a dauntless Heart,
'Till Storms too great for Mortal to resist,
Dash'd round my tow'ring Head, and bore me
back.

You, I remember, on the distant Shore
Stood cold and shiv'ring like a fearful Boy,
And dar'd not venture but by slow Degrees,
On Bladders borne, which by a simple Thorn
That floated in your Way, were spoil'd at once,
And all the Air, the popular Applause,
That buoy'd you up, burst out, and down you
funk.

A R C A N O.

Come, let's not quarrel, we have both mistook,
And found that 'tis a slipp'ry Path to Power,
Which few can tread, and firmly keep the Ground:
Then since w'have tript in that uncertain Road,
Let us avoid a yet more dang'rous Way,
And leave this Business, while we yet are safe,
For what in after Times th'Event may be,
Shou'd give us Pause, if there is aught in Conscience,
Or religious Awe.

P R A V A M O R.

Religion, say'st thou!

That

That is an antiquated stale Device,
A worn-out Trick to cheat the thoughtless Vulgar.
I tell thee, Man, we live but for our selves,
And, after Death, are void of Pain or Joy.
We are engender'd, like the basest Brutes,
Like them begot in raging Heat of Lust:
And what is this vast Reason which we boast?
'Tis but th'Effect of gross Sensation,
It only leads us to perpetual Maze,
And raises Scruples we can ne'er determine:
Nay, Brutes will shew the Power of thinking Souls
Far more than some of us, and shall they rot,
And mould'ring mix among the common Soil,
Ne'er to exist in conscious Life again,
While Ideots live beyond the Reach of Time,
And gain by dying Sense unknown before?

A R C A N O.

By Heaven, thy Resolution cheers my Soul!
My Heart's alarm'd, and pants for the Event:
But still whate'er we do; let me advise;
Feign not too much Amazement, or Compassion;
Seem rather to be lull'd in some dull Trance,
'Till their Destruction gives us sure Revenge.
So watchful Lions heedless Brutes betray,
Dissemble Slumber, and secure their Prey.



G

A C T



A C T - IV. S C E N E I.

*LANERTES follow'd by SEMANDRA.**SEMANDRA.*

STAY! *Artamon?* No. I am mistaken.
 Ah! whither, whither shall I fly? O where
 Is Charity? will she unfold her Arms,
 And take me in thus friendless and forsaken?
 Alas! I know no Place to shelter me;
 To hide me from the many cruel Wrongs,
 I yet am likely to endure. —
 Tell me, Ye righteous Rulers of the World,
 O why I am distress'd? why thus abandon'd?
 Have ever I defy'd your sacred Power?
 Or set at nought your great eternal Law?
 Have e'er my Actions or my Heart been false
 To the unerring Guide of heav'nly Truth?
 O insupportable! to be degraded,
 Slighted, scorn'd, by that dear faithless Man,
 On whom all Comfort of my Life depends,
 My Love, my Lord, my Husband.

*LANERTES.**Semandra!*

Gentle Fair! I fear thou art much injur'd,
 And hast too great a Cause to be thus sorrowful;
 But see, thou Pattern of divine Perfection,

Turn

Turn, and behold a Fellow-Sufferer,
In all the agonizing Pangs of Love,
Driv'n from the dear Possessor of my Heart,
To be as wretched as my Fate can make me.

S E M A N D R A.

I pity thee !

L A N E R T E S.

Yes, cou'd a Moment's Ease relieve my Pain,
It might be found in charitable Pity ;
But oh ! 'tis far too great to be reliev'd,
Not even the Voice of sweet Compassion
Can bring one Interval of Peace to me !

S E M A N D R A.

Ill-fated Youth !

I know you love, but not like me, in vain :
Th'unhappy Partner of thy faithful Heart
Looks with an Eye of tender Pity on thee,
And equal to her own, laments thy Fate.

L A N E R T E S.

Gods ! That one mortal Man should be beset
With such Variety of Wretchedness.
To love, to be belov'd, and yet deny'd
The dear Possession of my Soul's Desire ;
No more to hold her in my longing Arms,
To hear no more the Musick of her Voice,
Feast on her Eyes, and press her to my Heart.
O speak to me, thou kind, thou virtuous Fair !
For thou endur'st the throbbing Pangs of Love,
Know'st the Vicissitudes of Grief and Joy,
Th'uncertain Pleasure ——— and the certain Pain,

With all the Turns of that subduing Passion,
 Say, is it not hard? nay, is it to be borne,
 Thus to behold the Darling of my Soul,
 Lost to the World, and to my Hopes for ever?

S E M A N D R A.

No more. Talk not of disappointed Love !
 At ev'ry Word you speak, fresh Drops of Blood
 Spring from my tortur'd Heart ; the Pain you feel
 In me is doubled, I was happy once,
 As I am wretched now, for I have known
 The joyful Time when the enchanting God
 Did smile upon me with his gentlest Aspect,
 Led me a willing Captive to his Power,
 And even in the Sight of envious Virgins,
 Plac'd me triumphant on his highest Throne :
 O how the dear dear Thought still charms my Mind !
 Hear me ! I must, will tell you of those Days,
 Those golden Days, when *Artamon* first taught
 His fatal Lesson to a simple Maid ;
 So tenderly he talk'd, so sigh'd and press'd
 With so much Earnestness, that ev'ry Word
 Forc'd a swift Passage thro' my list'ning Ear,
 And seiz'd upon my Heart. I do remember,
 'Twas where the Woodbine and the Myrtle grows
 Within yon silent Grove, he told his Tale.
 And told it with such Art, that Nature's self
 Seem'd pleas'd with all he said : the shady Trees
 Bow'd their green Heads, and trembled as he spoke ;
 The little Riv'lets pass'd in Silence by,
 As if they were enamour'd with his Voice :

Ev'n

Ev'n the sweet Nightingale, and all the Birds
Of the delightful Grove, dropt their soft Notes,
To listen to the softer Voice of Love,
And the blest Hours pass unperceiv'd away.

L A N E R T E S.

Curse on the fatal Author of our Sorrows!
Eternal Shame and self-tormenting Guilt
Distract his Soul, and prey upon his Heart!
O that the righteous Hand of Providence
Wou'd lead me to the Villain's lone Abode;
Where I might find him 'midst a thousand Fiends,
If possible, more dreadful than his Fears,
Or his black Conscience can imagine! — Ha!

[Discovering the Vizard.]

What ugly-featur'd Monster grins upon me?
And looks as terrible as though from Hell
'Twere sent, to give me Tidings of my Fate.
A Vizard! Death! It answers the Description
Leonora gave.——'Tis, must be the same,
And in my Friend's Appartment! nay then 'tis plain
I've been abus'd.

S E M A N D R A.

Heav'n! What can this mean?

L A N E R T E S.

Is this then the Event of all his Friendship!
The vow'd Affection! The protested Love!
Which took such hold of my believing Heart,
That I too fondly thought my Peace was his.
Secure in him, I cou'd defy my Fate,
And patiently have borne its heaviest Burthen.

S E M A N D R A.

*The Fatal Retirement.**S E M A N D R A.*

Are you, Sir, tainted with Suspicion too?
 O do not let that mischief-making Coward,
 That whisp'ring Slave infect your gen'rous Heart!
 However strange this Circumstance may seem,
 I'm sure my Lord is guiltless. Come, be patient!
 These Clouds of Darkness will, I trust, disperse,
 And, like the Sun, fair Truth shall shine upon us.

L A N E R T E S.

Poor *Semandra*! still wilt thou be deceiv'd?
 Thy Love, thy Faith, is wonderful indeed,
 O that I cou'd be confident like thee!
 Cou'd still enjoy this dear, this pleasing Hope;
 That I have yet a Friend, one faithful Friend,
 Who takes me to his Heart, and pities me.

S E M A N D R A.

You have. You have.

L A N E R T E S.

No. I have slept too long
 In the deep Trance of dull Security;
 But now I wake, my Error is too plain,
 It breaks like Thunder thro' a Cloud upon me,
 And I can doubt no more. O treach'rous World
 Hast thou no Place uncurs'd with Villainy?
 None, where a Man may hide his Head from Wrong,
 And spin the little Thread of mortal Life,
 Secure from Knaves, from smiling Rogues, from
 Friends,
 From base deceitful Friends! Those glossy Cankers
 Who worm themselves into the secret Heart,
 With

The Fatal Retirement.

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With latent Purpose to destroy more surely?
But why, tame Fool! why do I waste the Time,
To Vengeance due, and to my injur'd Love?
I'll fly, and with this Instrument of Lust
Confront this Friend, this mighty matchless Friend,
Who in my Absence dar'd to strike so bravely,
And stretch his Conquest o'er a helpless Virgin.

S E M A N D R A.

What wou'd you do? by Heaven! by that blest
Power

Which shines, confest within the Soul of *Artamon*,
And bids him scorn a Vice! You must not stir
With ill Design against my Lord, my Life.
Come, come, Sir, cast away that Tool of Mischief;
It shall not witness to so base a Lie.
Nay, blush to struggle with a Woman, sure.

[She throws away the Vizard.]

S C E N E II.

ARTAMON, SEMANDRA, LANERTES,

ARTAMON.

Confusion! Do I wake,
Or has Distraction tainted my weak Brain?
My Friend!

LANERTES.

Ha!

ARTAMON.

You start. I have surpriz'd you, Sir.

LANER-

The Fatal Retirement.

LANERTES.

Surpriz'd me! yes, with something wonderful,
A monster curst with such a deadly Aspect,
That barely to behold it, chills my Blood;
Away, away with't, take it from my Eyes!

ARTAMON.

Ha! ——— What?

LANERTES.

A Villain! in a Shape so loathsome —

ARTAMON.

Where? ——— Whom?

LANERTES.

Thy self.

ARTAMON.

No more!

[They draw their Swords, Semandra runs between them.]

SEMANDRA.

Mercy! mercy!

To Lanertes.

O turn on me that Instrument of Death!

My trembling Heart shall meet the Point with Joy,
And bless thee dying, if my Lord is safe.

It is not in thy Nature to be cruel, *[To Artamon.]*

O sheath thy Sword! and look not so unkind,

But hear me!—Hear me, Sir!

[To Lanertes.]

LANERTES.

Poor Innocent!

'Twere Force unmanly to resist thy Tears;

But by my Wrongs I will have ample Vengeance;

I will, thou false One! Smiling smooth Dissembler!

ARTAMON.

ARTAMON.

Vain Man! Altho' within the Dark I wander,
And am unconscious of the monstrous Cause,
Why Thou, 'bove all Mankind, revilst me thus;
Yet I disdain to bend to ask thee now;
But from this Instant mark thee for my Foe.
Be witness, Sir, I give you back that Joy,
That Bauble Friendship, you so lately pledg'd,
And shake thee from my Heart! my honest Soul
Too open for thy base designing Temper,
Never shall hold Communion with thee more,
But clear from my Remembrance, blot thee out;
Ungrateful as thou art!

L A N E R T E S.

You brave it well!
That steady Front, that haughty Insolence
Hath grac'd your Treachery: but do not think
To scare me from my Purpose; nay, you may frown,
Stare 'till your Eyes shall burst, I mind it not:
Know, *Artamon*! you have no fearful Boy,
No Coward, spiritless and base to cope with;
For, by my tortur'd Soul, by all my Hopes
Of Peace in Heaven, on Earth, 'tis ruin'd by thee,
I vow! I swear! —

S E M A N D R A.

Hold! hold! you may repent
This rash Proceeding. O that some God wou'd dart
One Ray of Truth thro' this amazing Gloom!
Or prompt my Tongue with Eloquence divine,
H That

That I might reconcile this fatal Breach,
 And win his Heart to Friendship, and to Love !
 My *Artamon* ! my Lord ! I have a Right,
 A Right which Justice gives me to be heard,
 I'll not presume to ask it of thy Love ;
 I cannot now, thou'st ta'en that Gem away,
 And left me poor indeed,

ARTAMON.

I shall go mad !
 Why am I mock'd ? What ! like the Crocodile,
 With Tears betray me ?

SEMANDRA.

My Lord ?

ARTAMON.

Nay, not much.
 I am in Pain, that's all.

SEMANDRA.

O thou unkind One !
 Art thou quite resolv'd to cast me from thee ?
 Perhaps I am thy Burthen, kill me then ;
 But do not let me linger on the Rack.
 I cannot bear thy Scorn, 'tis dreadful to me,
 And strikes a Damp more cold upon my Heart,
 Than Death it self.

ARTAMON.

But hast thou not deceiv'd me ?
 Shield me, ye Angels, with that blessed Hope !
 Tho' light as Air, it flies from my Embrace,
 It gives at least an Interval from Pain,
 And whispers Comfort to my anxious Soul.

Still

Still dost thou weep?—Then, Manhood, thou art
caught!

That crystal Current overwhelms my Strength,
It finds an easy Channel to my Heart,
And bears my stubborn Nature far away.
Sure I am weaker than a simple Babe,
That pricks its Finger with the Rose's Thorn,
Seeing it sparkle with a Drop of Dew.

S E M A N D R A.

Be witness, Heaven, I have never deceiv'd,
Nor sin'd in Thought against thee! My dear Delight
Has been t'obey thy Will, my fondest Hope
Long to preserve thee mine. Then yet return!
With open Arms, with open Heart I'll meet
The sole Contentment of my Life, thy Love.

A R T A M O N.

Suspicion hence! I give thee to the Air;
Thou cruel unrelenting Fiend, away!
Come to my Breast, my guardian Angel, come!
And hover o'er me with the Wings of Peace.
O welcome! Dearly welcome to thy Home!
Here fix for ever, and possess my Heart!

S E M A N D R A.

Then am I blest indeed! Indulgent Heaven!
I will not ask thee how I have transgress'd!
And why thy Heart has been estrang'd so long:
To find the little Wand'rer thus return'd,
The blest Assurance that I hold thee thus,
O'erpays the Grief, the Anguish I've endur'd,
And my abounding Soul can wish no more.

H 2

A R T A-

ARTAMON.

Why, what a Slave to Passion have I been!
 How blind to Truth! that I shou'd once mistrust
 One tainted Thought cou'd ever dwell in thee.
 I did suspect, my Love, O base Suspicion!
 That thou didst even to my Father charge me,
 With such a Villany! It shocks my Memory
 Barely to think on't. Prithee forgive me?
 Can'st thou forgive so base, so mean a Wrong,
 And dearly love me, as if Nought had happen'd?

SEMANDRA.

I can, and do.

ARTAMON.

I thank thee from my Heart!
 Then the rough Voyage of my Care is over;
 I've gain'd the Port, and Happiness is mine;
 [*Looking earnestly at Lanertes.*]
 Yet there is wanting —

SEMANDRA.

Speak!

ARTAMON.

I had forgot.
 Come, come, my Love!

LANERTES.

Stay, Sir!
 I must be satisfy'd,

ARTAMON.

You shall.

SEMANDRA.

Alas! Wou'd I cou'd see you Friends again!
 A thousand frightful Fears disturb my Heart,

It

It trembles for thy Safety.

A R T A M O N.

No more, my Life.

Thank Heav'n, no guilty Thoughts reproach my
Conscience!

My Guard is Innocence, well arm'd with that,
His Threats of Vengeance on my Head are vain.

I dare defy the bold accusing World,
Smile at the gath'ring Lie, and scorn it all.

This Place offends me. Let's be gone!

[To Lanertes.]

Farewel!

I will be sure to think on't.

S C E N E III.

L A N E R T E S.

Why, thus it is!

When Fate has singled out a Wretch for Ruin,
Mankind, like Deer, shall butt him from the Herd
Where he was favour'd in his prosp'rous Hour,
And turn him loose to the devouring Pack.

Good God! These Injuries will sink me down;
This Weight of Fashood crushes me to Earth.

Fool that I was to put my Trust in him!

Or look for Faith in any humane Shape:

Better I'd been a Brute t'have shun'd Mankind,
Hunted for Food, and churlishly have kept

The Morsel giv'n by Nature to my self;

Th'are wise enough to place their whole Desires

In their own Breasts, and cannot be deceiv'd.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

CERON, LANERTES.

CERON.

My Friend! My Boy's Friend too: I was in Thought,
And saw you not.

LANERTES.

No, I renounce all Friendship;
The very Name is baneful to my Ear;
But, above all, the Friendship of your Son,
I do abhor, detest it utterly!

There's not a Serpent with his forked Sting,
A Toad that sucks the Poison of the Earth,
But what is fair to him: O damn his Friendship!

CERON.

You might at least have spar'd your Curses, Sir,
And not have struck my Ear with boist'rous Railing.

LANERTES.

O the proud Vanity of doting Age!
What is in thee shou'd strike me with such Awe?
Such reverential Fear! that at thy Sight
The Passions of the Soul shou'd all be calm,
And the chaf'd Heart must skulk behind its Rage.
Can you command the Billows not to swell,
Or hush a Whirlwind into Peace with Looks?

CERON.

Ill-manner'd Boy! You have forgot me, sure,
There was a Time——

LANERTES.

What of that Time?

CERON.

C E R O N.

No matter.

Dogs love the Hand which reaches out their Food,
And will remember Benefits conferr'd;
But fordid treach'rous Men, those Brutes of Reason,
Shall fawn indeed to serve some selfish End,
And when their glut'nous Appetites are gorg'd,
With grumbling Discontent they'll turn away,
Or fly directly in the Face of Bounty.

L A N E R T E S.

I stand reprov'd, you've done me Services,
Denying it were base.

C E R O N.

And yet you do.

L A N E R T E S.

No, I confess it with a thankful Heart.
Curse on the Man who dares to be ungrateful!
My Indignation rises at that Crime,
As far the foulest in the Lists of Vice.

C E R O N.

Why did you move my Temper to upbraid you?

L A N E R T E S.

Why am I mad? Why does the Tempest roar?
Why is my feeble Bark thus toss'd about?
Why dash'd upon the Rocks?

C E R O N.

I know you have a Cause, a sad one too!
That your impatient Heart is big with Rage;
But shou'd the Storm be thunder'd at my Head;
What have I done?

LANER-

LANERTES.

My Passion is to blame,
I'm sorry for't.

CERON.

Enough! What of my Son? How has he wrong'd

LANERTES. [you?

Pray have a Care! I cannot bear that Thought,
It works within my Head, and turns my Brain;
The desp'rate Madness is contagious too;
I must be gone, or you will catch its Fury.
Poor good old Man! Ill can you bear the Shock,
'Twill make you curse your Age, and bring at once
Your hoary Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.

S C E N E V.

CERON.

Stay! Give me all! Speak out the dreadful Fate!
I see my Fate is arm'd, she stands prepar'd,
To empty all her Quiver on my Head,
And I must fall beneath the heaviest Blow,
That ever Mortal felt.

S C E N E VI.

*SEMANDRA, ARTAMON, CERON.**SEMANDRA.*

My Lord! my Father!
See what a Treasure I have brought your Arms,
The dear Support of venerable Age.

The

The Blessing of your Life, your *Artamon*.

C E R O N.

Rather the Curse, the Minister of Grief
To my old Age! the Robber of my Life!
The bold Assassin who presumes to seize
The Work of Nature from her gentle Hand,
And spurn me down to an untimely Grave!

A R T A M O N.

Still doth this Jealousy inflame your Breast?
This Canker Doubt still prey upon your Heart?
For your own Sake be not tormented thus,
Make not your Life thus wretched by Surmise,
But be resolv'd, be satisfy'd at once;
Brand me with Guilt, bereave me of your Love,
And cast me out to Misery and Want.
By all the Gods! I'd rather beg my Bread,
Driv'n from your Sight; and wander up and down,
Loaded with Infamy, and vile Contempt,
Than be the Cause of this uneasy State,
These fresh Suspicions, these perpetual Fears.

C E R O N.

What, cast thee out to Misery and Want!
Who never wander'd from thy Father's Sight.
Health, Ease and Plenty yet have bless'd thy Days,
And all thy Life has been one rich Repast;
Can you then think of bearing Poverty?

A R T A M O N.

Why not? the poorest may be blest with Health,
And are, much oft'ner than the pamper'd Rich;
The Hand of Nature ever is unbrib'd,

The Sun with equal Glory shines on all,
 These see the Beauties of the blooming Year,
 Taste Herband Fruit, and Water sweet from Heav'n.
 These smell the Fragrance of the flow'ry Field,
 Hear gentle Musick from the warbling Choir,
 And feel the Thrills, the sweet Delights of Love.
 Then, what is Poverty?

C E R O N.

A Curse thou ne'er shalt know,
 If all the Treasure of my labour'd Life can save thee!
 It is impossible that loathsome Guilt

[*Looking earnestly on him.*]

Shou'd cheat the World with such a lovely Aspect!
 No, there's an inward Fear torments the Bad,
 A Terror working in the Villain's Soul,
 Which, spite of all the Art of smiling Lyes,
 Shall steal into the Face with sneaking Grin,
 And scowl upon the Brow; but gaze at him,
 Evincing Truth sits graceful on his Front,
 And spreads the Light of all her Glory round.
 My Boy, come near! O what a World is this,
 That patient Modesty must kiss the Rod,
 And groan beneath the Lash of scourging Fame?

S E M A N D R A

Alas! dear Sir, the Love you bear your Son,
 The Fondness of your Passion kills your Quiet,
 It ebbs and flows a never-ceasing Tide;
 A while you are distress'd with Doubts and Fears,
 And all your Mind is blown into a Storm;

Then

Then presently succeeds a gentle Calm,
And Doubts give way to your paternal Love;
But soon perhaps the pleasing Scene will change,
And Tyrant Doubt torment your Breast again.

ARTAMON.

I thought, I'd clear'd my self of your late Charge,
Which touch'd my Heart so near, and that my
Word

Was favour'd with Belief: if aught remains,
Spare not to speak; I am prepar'd to answer.

CERON.

O *Artamon*! I love thee more than Life;
Or what is dearer to my Wish than Life,
The fair Opinion of all virtuous Men.

ARTAMON.

I know, I know it well; and if I thought
Ingratitude cou'd e'er infect my Blood,
I'd stab my Heart, to let the Poison out.
My Lord, my Lord, no more of this Mistrust!
Is there a Villain false or base enough
To shock your Peace with these alarming Fears?
Point out the Wretch, that I may fly for Justice.

CERON.

Thou hast been wrong'd, most vilely wrong'd.

ARTAMON.

By whom?

CERON.

The Man I've long mistaken for thy Friend.

ARTAMON.

Lanertes!

I 2

CERON.

C E R O N.

I cannot well forgive him for't
He bluster'd out his Rage in Terms so rude.

A R T A M O N.

Irreverent Slave! What cou'd he dare to say?

C E R O N.

With Scorn, with Detestation spoke of you,
And curs'd you to my Face.

A R T A M O N.

Vain are his Curses!

By me, they pass like common Air, unheeded:
But for the Pains h'as took to taint your Love,
To rob me of that Blessing; may his worst Curse
This Instant seize me!

S E M A N D R A.

My Lord! My dear Lord;
O strengthen not the Rage of Civil War,
By adding Fuel to the ruinous Fire!
Forgive the wild Distemper of your Friend,
And think upon the Anguish of his Heart,

A R T A M O N.

Forgive him!

S E M A N D R A.

Yes, no doubt h'as been deceiv'd,
Bewild'ring Fate is busy with your Loves,
And spreads a Mist before the Eye of Truth;
But I believe him yet to be your Friend.

A R T A M O N.

Thou can'st not mean it!

SE.

SEMANDRA.

Much he has been to blame ;
But thou hast Pity to be wrought upon,
Then cast it in the Scale against his Failing !
Consider, 'tis Oppression makes Men mad,
And that he feels beyond a Mortal's Share.
—— Poor *Leonora* !

ARTAMON.

Alas ! how is't with her ?

SEMANDRA.

Like Charity, in Tears for other's Pain,
While she forgets her own. Thy Friend's Distress
Takes up her lab'ring Thoughts ; she bleeds for him.

CERON.

Ah, Daughter ! there's the Spring of all my
Sorrow ;
From *Leonora*'s Wrong arise my Fears,
Which, when my Son is absent, quite distract me ;
But in his Presence ev'ry Phantom flies,
For conscious Virtue sparkles in his Eyes.



A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Garden belonging to Ceron's House.

SABIA.

O Tyrant Love ! Why wilt thou urge me thus
To bend and bow ? Thus vilely to submit
Beneath the Pride, the Dignity of Woman ?

What

What can I do? In spite of my Resolves,
 I rave, I burn, I dote upon this Wretch,
 This tasteless *Artamon*! While he, O Torture?
 As if my Eyes were deadly Basilisks,
 And darted Poison wheresoe'er they gaz'd,
 Detests and shuns my Presence. Fool, does he know
 What heavy Curse he pulls upon his Head,
 Who scorns the Tender of a Woman's Love?
 Down, swelling Heart! Here comes the Supplement
 To his dull undiscerning Soul, his Wife.
 Hold — let me think! — She stands within my
 way,
 And bars my Hope; that Obstacle remov'd,
 I may, perhaps, yet win him to my Love.
 --- 'Tis great! --- It shall be so. [*Drops a Dagger.*]

S C E N E II.

*SABIA, SEMANDRA.**SEMANDRA.*

Was ever Love so restless, and so fond
 As mine? A Moment's Absence from my Lord
 Undoes my Peace. I'm sick of ev'ry Object,
 No Sight can please my Eye, no Sound my Ear;
 But all things vanish in Confusion by,
 And leave the Faculties of Sense unmov'd.

SABIA.

O, stay not, Madam! fly this hated Place,
 Left you behold the most unhallow'd Sight
 That ever struck the weeping Eye of Love

SEMAN-

The Fatal Retirement.

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SEMANDRA.

What do you mean? Your fatal Words distract me!

SABIA.

'Tis Death to tell you — yet you must be told.
Your dear lov'd Lord, the Guardian of your Life,
The Treasure of your Soul, is —

SEMANDRA.

Mercy!

SABIA.

Dead.

SEMANDRA.

O! hover o'er me with your sacred Wings,
Ye Angels! save me, shield me from that Blow!
Ha! What said you? — speak! —

SABIA.

No more — Eternal Silence on my Tongue!
I've struck your Heart already.

SEMANDRA.

Go on, go on,
And strike me with inevitable Death!
What, is my Husband murder'd? butcher'd? say!
Be quick, and sink me to the Earth for ever!

SABIA.

Unhappy Lady! By Heav'n, I bleed for you!
O, what a Life of Sorrow must you bear!
The shining World cannot atone your Loss;
So well you lov'd your dear departed Lord;
But, from my Soul, I do believe him guiltless:
And yet by his own Hand I fear he fell;
Perhaps by Villains murder'd, — stir no further!

The

The horrid Sight will blast you.

SEMANDRA.

Blast me, indeed !

Rivet me, nail me to this Spot of Earth !

And let my Eyes be struck with instant Blindness !

Rather than see the fatal Object.— Murder'd !

—Mercy ! What means this Instrument of Death ?

[She takes up the Dagger.]

SABIA.

What wou'd you? Hold! Spare, spare thy precious
Life!

SEMANDRA.

Ha! —

SABIA.

Destruction on me ! I have lost my Aim.

This Artifice was weak. She sees my Purpose.

S C E N E III.

ARTAMON, SEMANDRA, SABIA.

ARTAMON.

My Life! my Soul! the Host of Heav'n defend
thee!

What means this Violence? Come to my Heart!

My trembling Angel, tell me!

SEMANDRA.

Oh I cannot.

Take me to thy Bosom!—stay, let me gaze!

—O Miracle of Joy! To see you live,

To hold you thus, is such unlook'd-for Transport,

'Tis never to be utter'd. I cannot speak it.

My Eyes must tell you.—Look on me!

SABIA.

SABIA.

Perdition catch her! How she feasts upon him!
Plagues, Evil, Leprosy consume her Charms,
And make her hateful to his Eyes! — Confusion!

ARTAMON.

Away, thou shameless, and abandon'd Woman!
Cou'd nothing satisfy thy deadly Rage
But the Destruction of such heav'nly Beauty?
Let us, my Love, avoid this hated Wretch;
Her vile libidinous Breath will taint the Air,
And blast thy gentle Bloom.

S C E N E IV.

SABIA.

Hell! Hell! I cannot bear this Shame, this Insult!
Quick let me fly, and bury my Disgrace
In some vile Gloom, where human Shape ne'er
enter'd!

There hide my Head with thick envenom'd Weeds;
There feed the Phrensy of my tortur'd Soul,
'Till my Brain burst with Madness and Despair.

S C E N E V.

PRAVAMOR, ARCANO.

PRAVAMOR.

How! Is it possible they shou'd suspect us?
Why, this it is to trust a brave Man's Heart
With Slaves to Conscience, Fools, who think by
halves,
And frame a Difference 'twixt Vice and Virtue.

K

You

You wear Diffimulation badly, Friend.
 I have observ'd, since you have known this Business
 A frightful Horror fit upon your Face ;
 You wrap yourself in Thought, and fold your Arms
 You stare amaz'd, now sigh, and gaze to Heav'n ;
 Then drop your Eyes, and fix them on the Ground ;
 Anon you move, stop short, look back, then start,
 As if your Shadow was a hungry Lion !

A R C A N O.

If your Opinion holds me for that Slave,
 That tim'rous Wretch your Drollery describes ;
 Why did you make me Partner of your Crimes,
 And load my Soul with such a monstrous Burthen ?

P R A V A M O R.

Ha, ha, ha !

You are not angry, sure ; come, come, you know
 That each of us hath Power to blab strange Tales
 From out the other's Heart ; we're therefore bound
 By dear lov'd Int'rest, Nature's strongest Tie,
 And cannot break our Trust. Yet do I fear him.

[Aside,

They say, my Friend, you're grown a Penitent,
 Much giv'n to Pray'r of late : it cannot be !

A R C A N O.

Why, do you think it bootless ?

P R A V A M O R.

Yes, by my Soul !

Where's the Reward ? you cannot say, on Earth :
 And for the Blessing of an airy Paradise,
 I heartily disclaim the mighty Boon !

And

And will pursue my Hope.

ARCANO.

Of what?

PRAVAMOR.

Revenge.

ARCANO.

I fear you've gone too far.

PRAVAMOR.

Why dost thou fear?

ARCANO.

Did you not mark when *Leonora* pass'd,
As now we met, how angrily she frown'd?
Nay, I observ'd, that like a gentle Flower,
Struck on a sudden with a killing Blast,
She wither'd pale, and shudder'd at your Sight.
I am afraid she overheard our Conference:
We've been too loud, and have betray'd ourselves.

PRAVAMOR.

Say'st thou! But see, she comes; I'll lift her close,
And if I find Suspicion at her Heart,
Tis but to strike, and lay the Babler dead.

S C E N E VI.

PRAVAMOR, ARCANO, LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Save me Heaven! where shall I fly?

PRAVAMOR.

Stay, Madam!

LEONORA.

Away, away, thou fatal Wretch! repent,

K 2

And

And leave me to myself.

P R A V A M O R.

Repent! Of what?

Why that ungentle Frown? Why does that Eye,
That shining Star, which o'er the World presides,
Dispense it's Influence so unkind on me?

L E O N O R A.

Think not to sooth me, hated Parasite!
For, thanks to Heaven! I know thy guilty Soul;
Thou art the cruel Cause of all my Wrongs,
The Murderer of my Peace. Gracious Heaven!
Bear me, O bear me, in a Whirlwind far,
Far from the tainted Air this Villain breathes!
His very Look is Death!

P R A V A M O R.

Why am I thus upbraided?
Who dar'd to forge a Falsity so vile?

L E O N O R A.

O matchless Villany!
Yourself; your babling Conscience told it all:
That horrid Fiend, which never sleeps in Peace,
But, like a Wizard, mutters to itself
The dark Employment of the guilty Mind:
Or ever busy'd, in infernal Talk
With some attending Devil, a Friend to Vice,
'Till frighted Echo has receiv'd the Tale,
And tells it to the World.

P R A V A M O R.

Damnation! we've been watch'd, dog'd by the
Heels,

She

She has been hanging out her curious Ear,
To catch our private Conference. 'Tis well!
This Office, Madam, you have dearly purchas'd.
I'll spoil your itching Tongue, its tatling Trade,
And at your Heart will stab the pilfer'd Secret.

LEONORA.

O do not kill me! — Hold!

ARCANO.

Be quick! Dispatch!
Hift! Hift! What Noise is that? hold! — make
haste! hark!

PRAVAMOR.

Nay, nay, no Strugling! — Ha! — What means my
By Hell it shrinks! Foolish Remorse, [Arm?
Avaunt! — still! why, what I with Conscience?

LEONORA.

Come, Sir, my Fears are fled. I am prepar'd,
And sorry for the Weakness of my Nature;
Here, strike, strike home! methinks I shou'd not live
Thus wretched as I am, you've made me so;
And it is Charity to give me Death.

PRAVAMOR.

Take your Request!

*[He presses her to the Stage Door, from the sight
of the Audience, and stabs her.]*

LEONORA.

Mercy! — Forgive him Heaven!

PRAVAMOR.

Hark! Away!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

*LEONORA, LANERTES.**LANERTES.*My Love! My *Leonora*!

O Horror! Horror! Who has done this Deed?

Look up, my Life! my Angel! quickly tell me!

Say, who has done this barb'rous damning Deed?

LEONORA.

Be patient!

LANERTES.

Patient! Thy precious Blood flows fast.

Give me to know the Author of this Ruin,

Or see me fall this Instant at thy Feet.

LEONORA.

Hold! I will tell you.

LANERTES.

Who? Who?

*LEONORA.**Pravamor.*That barb'rous Villain counsel'd by *Arcano*,

His vile Accomplice, and infernal Friend,

Has been the Cause of all the Wrongs I've suffer'd:

He was the fell Destroyer of my Honour,

And now has rob'd me of my Life. 'Tis he,

'Tis he that tears me from thy faithful Heart,

And veils thy Image from my Sight for ever.

LANERTES.

O execrable Guilt! Inhuman Monster!

LEO-

L E O N O R A.

Be not too rash! ———

Alas! I feel the clayie Hand of Death

Is cold upon my Heart. ——— Come nearer to me!

I am afraid that many busy Tongues

Will tell my Tale unfairly to the World.

Be kind, will you be kind unto my Memory,

And suffer not my Fame to be abus'd?

L A N E R T E S.

Pray, do not talk thus! I shall start to Madness.

What can I do for thee? Where fly for Help?

Oh, speak to me! — You must not, shall not die!

L E O N O R A.

That I have lov'd thee,

Witness those guardian Angels, which, I hope,

Are at this Instant ready to take Charge

Of my departing Soul! ——— Be not distress'd!

Think of the Time we might have liv'd as past.

Had Fate allotted us a thousand Years,

We must have parted still; and yet I wish,

I cou'd have staid a little longer with you!

But, Oh Dishonour to my Memory!

It was not fit that I—— I faint!

Mercy, mercy Heaven! Farewel for ever! [*Dies.*

L A N E R T E S.

My Life, my Love, stay but a Moment for me!

She's gone! A dewy Damp hangs on her Cheek,

She's cold, cold and dead; and what remains

For me, for me the veriest Wretch on Earth?

O give me yet one Look, thou dear, dear Saint!

And

And bless my fighting Soul.---It will not be!
 And shall I never, never see thee more?
 Distressed direful Thought! I cannot bear it!
 Oh, let me press thee to my Bosom close!
 Close, close, that we may make one common Clay,
 And die as we have liv'd, in Heart and Soul united.

S C E N E VIII.

LANERTES, ARTAMON.

ARTAMON.

What means this melancholy Noise? *Lanertes!*

LANERTES.

Ay, if thou seek'st that wretched Being, whom
 Heaven,

Whom Earth and Hell have all conspir'd to curse,
 Behold him here.

ARTAMON.

Oh miserable Sight! ———

You've done me Wrong, *Lanertes*, and my Mind
 Was fir'd with just Resentment; but this Scene
 Hath chang'd the vengeful Purpose of my Heart,
 And melts it into Grief.

LANERTES.

O *Artamon!*

My Friend! I blush to call thee by that Name,
 With Shame I must confess, I've done thee Wrong;
 But if thou meditat'st Revenge, look here,
 And satisfy thy self to see me fallen
 Into the lowest Depth of human Misery.
 For I have lost the Treasure of my Heart,

My

My Soul's best only Joy, my *Leonora*!

ARTAMON.

There thou art try'd indeed: What Eye so hard,
So full of stern unfeeling Cruelty,
That cou'd refuse a Tear? My Friend! my Friend!
I cannot see you thus. I've learnt the Cause
Of your late Error, and forgive the Wrong;
Nay, I forget it all, and my fond Heart
Bleeds to be reconcil'd.

LANERTES.

'Tis Charity indeed.

Dear Thanks!

[*They embrace.*]

ARTAMON.

Say, how has Fate thus cross'd your Loves?
And how produc'd so direful an Event?

LANERTES.

How! How!
Why Heaven slept, and Justice dropt the Sword,
While Innocence, the fairest in the World,
Was left to be cut off, dash'd to the Earth,
And basely perish by a Villain's Hand.
If this must be, where is your Justice, Gods?
O Virtue! Virtue! Where is your Reward?

ARTAMON.

Fear not, the Hand of Heaven, tho' slow to strike,
Is resolutely just. Strive to be calm;
And when this cruel Storm is overblown,
That Reason may have Harbour in thy Mind,
I'll join my Arm, my Heart in thy Revenge.

L

LANERTES.

L A N E R T E S.

Away then! From this miserable Hour
 Let ev'ry Thought be absent from my Soul,
 But horrible Revenge! We'll lay a Scene
 Of Blood, my Friend, which shall amaze the World,
 Peace shall be frighted from her silent Seat,
 And never settle upon Earth again. [farewel!
 — Yet stay; one Look! — Thou dear, dear Shade,
 It is impossible! I cannot move,
 My Soul is here, 'tis lodg'd in this lov'd Clay,
 And will not leave its Mansion. Soft! She breathes.
 By Heaven her Lip is red, and warm with Life!
 O Ecstasy! The Gods are merciful, [mine,
 And will restore her to me! — She's mine, she's
 I feel her Heart incorporate with mine,
 'Tis fast entwin'd, 'tis lock'd within my Bosom.
 Now, I defy the Malice of my Fate,
 Nor Time, nor Death shall ever part us more.

A R T A M O N.

Alas! you'll work yourself into a Phrenzy:
 Your Words are wild, they start from Sense already.

L A N E R T E S.

Why, is she dead! And shall I bear to live,
 Stretch'd on the Rack of horrible Despair,
 And slowly howl away my hated Life!
 Oh no! Stand off! — I will, I will be free!
 Hark, Sir! she calls. I come, sweet Saint! — Nay
 then, [Offers to stab himself, Art. disarms him.
 I'll find a way, these Hands shall dig my Grave.
 I'll tear the Bowels of the Earth asunder,
 And plunge at once into the dreadful Gulph!

A R T A M O N.

ARTAMON.

Fortify his Heart with Patience, Heaven!

SCENE IX.

LANERTES, ARTAMON, CERON.
and Attendants.

CERON.

My Son! my Son!

Why wilt thou leave us to our Sorrow thus?
The poor *Semandra* cannot brook this Absence;
Her tender Heart will break for thy Delay.
Alas! What new Calamity is here?

ARTAMON.

Dear Sir! enquire not now; 'tis a curst Hour,
And Fate has work'd Destruction to the virtuous.
Remove this mournful Object from his Sight.

[To the Attendants.]

Help me to raise him, Sir.—Dear Friend, look up,
And do not give a Loose to this Distress!
'Tis *Artamon*, your faithful valu'd Friend!

LANERTES.

Where's *Leonora*?

ARTAMON.

Cleave not to that Thought!

LANERTES.

Well, I'll endeavour to be something patient?
But can it be that I shou'd quite forget her?
Indeed when Madness has destroy'd my Memory,
As soon it will do, I may then forget
My Friends, my self, and her, and all the World:

But while I have a Sense of our Misfortune,
 Think how we lov'd, and might have liv'd together,
 My heart will never let me be at Rest;
 But silent shall I sit the painful Hours,
 Weep o'er the dear Remembrance of her Name,
 And in unutterable Sorrow waste my Life.

A R T A M O N.

No, you must live, and for a nobler Purpose!

L A N E R T E S.

Ha! What a Power has Grief to sink the Heart!
 I had forgot. Revenge! Revenge!—away!

S C E N E X.

C E R O N.

Be merciful, good Heaven! Where will this end?

S C E N E XI.

C E R O N, S E M A N D R A.

S E M A N D R A.

My Father, know you not of my Lord, my Love?
 I can no longer bear this doubtful State;
 Like one who labours in some frightful Dream,
 I start, and tremble at I know not what.
 Just Heaven, appease this Tempest of my Soul!
 Let me yet find a Harbour in his Breast,
 And be restor'd into the Calm of Life!
 Or let thy Mercy yield me to the Grave

C E R O N.

C E R O N.

Ages of Peace and Blessings unallay'd
Are yet in Store, I hope, to crown your Loves,
And make Amends for all your Trouble past.
We have been lost within the Maze of Fate,
In dreadful Darkness wander'd up and down,
And with severe Calamity been try'd :
But now, methinks, my Sorrows are assuag'd ;
A friendly Ray of Light breaks thro' the Gloom
And shines upon my Heart.

S E M A N D R A.

Where is my Lord ?

[*A Noise of a Skirmish is heard at a Distance.
Artamon behind the Scenes.*

Seize him ! stab him ! Tear out the Villain's Heart !

S E M A N D R A.

Ha ! Was not that his Voice ?

S C E N E III.

C E R O N, S E M A N D R A, A R T A M O N,
and L A N E R T E S dragging in
P R A V A M O R.

L A N E R T E S.

Thank Heav'n, thou'rt given to my just Revenge !
Thou barb'rous, bloody and inhuman Monster !
O tell me, why, why is this Ruin thine ?
But I'll not parle a Moment with such Guilt,
Down, down to Hell, thou execrable Villain !
And howl for ever in the burning Gulph.

[*Stabs him.*

P R A V A M O R.

P R A V A M O R.

O Curse upon my Fate ! I'm crush'd to Earth.
 Is this the End of my aspiring Life ?
 The great Ambition of my boundless Soul ?
 Thus to be hunted, by a Dog, to Death !
 Detested, grinding Thought ! Haste, haste, black
 Night,
 And wrap me in eternal Shade !—Ha ! I faint,
 I fall, I perish,—Death ! Horror, and Despair !
[Dies.

L A N E R T E S.

Blasphemous Villain ! — were it possible
 That all the Soul's Desire, the glorious Hope
 To reach Eternity, were giv'n in vain,
 This Instant wou'd I rush upon my Fate,
 And cast the Burthen of my Life away :
 But oh ! there is, I am inspir'd to think it,
 There is a World, where Guilt shall damn the Mind,
 And conscious Virtue find eternal Peace.
 Then will I live e'en wretched as I am,
 And bravely suffer 'till the righteous Gods
 In Pity to my Sorrows shall relieve me.

A R T A M O N.

My Friend ! my Friend ! you're gloriously reveng'd ;
 Heaven will approve and sanctify the Deed.

L A N E R T E S.

But hath *Arcano*, that smooth Villain, 'scap'd ?

A R T A M O N.

No ; he perish'd by the murdering Hand
 Of that infernal Fiend, whose monstrous Guilt

He

He dar'd, at length, t'upbraid. -- My Love !--
my Father !

I see, Amazement strikes your gentle Nature.

Let us retire from this accursed Place ;

And, at your Leisure, I'll unfold this Villany.

[*To Lanertes*.] Droop not, my Friend ! But bravely
undergo —

This last sad Trial of exploring Woe:

Distress to Virtue, is like Shade to Light,

It shews the Picture stronger to the Sight.

Were human Life without Alloy of Pain,

Courage were useless, and ev'n Virtue vain.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

STAY, Fool! Dost mean to let them rout the Play
 For want of one smart Word or two to say? †
 Well, Sirs, Your Judgment! Is it wretched Stuff? *
 I think, and I'm a Judge, 'tis well e-nough,
 But barkee! Criticks! I must let you know,
 I cannot like these Scenes of Private Woe,
 These A---b's and O---b's.——If one must sigh and die,
 In Troth, I'd find substantial Reason why!
 And not sit whining at a Tra-ge-dy.
 Now if young Bayes had sought to win my Favour,
 And to my Taste to season his Behaviour;
 He shou'd have touch'd——upon the comick Scene,
 And giv'n us H-4 AP-54 You know now what I mean;
 Or else have brought keen Satire on the Stage,
 And lash'd the guilty Great Ones of the Age;
 But that, poor Wretch! is what he dar'd not do,
 Lest it might fall upon——the Lord knows who!
 Well, if he needs must write sad Scenes of Love,
 To make the Passions of the Sou-l to move;
 He might have mix'd some Fire amongst his Writing,
 And roar'd out War, or——Something like to Fighting.
 Had he, for Instance, but produc'd——one Dart,
 And well apply'd it to a Spaniard's Heart.
 If he had labour'd in his Country's Cause,
 And boldly talk'd of Liberty and Laws,
 He might have had some Title to Applause!
 A——y, but I fear he has no Publick Spirit,
 And therefore, in my Eye, but little Merit.
 Hang him, a Fool! I know not what to say——
 E'gad, I've chang'd my Humour!——Damn his Play!
 Criticks, come on then! Be severe, and mall him!
 O'twill be charming Sport! ----I'll step and call him.

† To the Player who gives out the Play for the next Night, pushing him off the Stage.

* To the Audience.

F I N I S.

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